

CHUMS

By FANNIE BEASLIP LEA

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"The only feeling that ever lasts between a man and a woman is friendship. Make your friend your lover, you lose him when the flirtation has reached its climax, and the artistic ending is a final separation. Make your friend your husband, you are bound to him by a rope of fading illusions and inevitable discord—when 'Life has changed to doggerel, what love began, a tender rhyme.' Keep your friend your friend—no more, no less—he is yours forever."

Thus said Donald Randolph, twenty-four and didactic, to Helen Ward, nineteen and afflicted with world sorrow of her years.

On these tenets was their friendship established, and though in treacherous moments, months apart, it sometimes occurred to Helen to wonder how Donald's voice, unusually rhythmic of cadence, might sound in pronouncing words intentionally emotional, she always dismissed the thought as maudlin.

They had been friends—"chums," they called it in their warmer moments—for four years, when Lilla Gardner's wedding, with its demands for best man and maid of honor service, confronted them.

"If only Lilla had asked some other girl or Martin had asked some other man," said Helen uncomfortably. "I shouldn't in the least mind being maid of honor to Lance Folsom's best man, or Tom or even Dan Harris—but with you it's different. One has to flirt with the best man. It's part of the ceremony." She glanced across the moonlit space between them. "We're friends, and I won't flirt with you."

"Of course not," said Randolph with unnecessary firmness. "Are you going up tomorrow?"

"Evening train," she responded briefly.

"No need for me to wait over, is there?" he inquired. "I thought of going in the morning."

"How absurd," protested Helen. "Why should you wait? I'd much rather you didn't. It would look so significant."

"Very well, see you tomorrow then," he said, and left her with a handshake, cool and friendly.

She did not see him till 8 o'clock the next night, when, after a late train and a later dinner, she descended to the library in search of the other members of the bridal party. In a nook by an open window she found Lilla and Martin absorbed in certain arrangements for their departure the next day. With them was Randolph, and Helen felt at once into the discussion of evading the rice and old shoes by means of the side door and a hired vehicle.

Once the question was settled, however, the conversation languished, and at the interception of a third telephatic communication between the lovers Helen sprang up in desperation.

"It's too warm in here," she complained. "Let's go find the others, Donald."

"They went out there somewhere," Lilla suggested cordially.

"I dare say we can find them," said Helen with a smile.

She stepped through the window on to the wide porch and Randolph followed without delay.

"Now this is what I object to," she broke out, turning when they were out of hearing of the two inside. "One doesn't want an enforced tête-à-tête. Do you know where the others are?"

"Dancing in the schoolroom," said Randolph, without interest.

"Dancing," cried Helen. "That settles it. I simply cannot dance tonight. I'm tired to death. It's a good thing we're chums and don't have to talk, isn't it? I know I'm not at all interesting tonight." She sat down in a hammock swung behind her and motioned to a big wicker chair. "Smoke if you like and don't bother to talk unless you want to."

Randolph produced a stubby pipe from his coat pocket. When he had puffed a few moments in silence he crossed his legs and clasped his hands behind his head.

"You make a man adorably comfortable, Helen," he said slowly, then added more decisively: "You're the finest kind of a chum."

"Always a chum—always," she answered, with a queer difference of intonation in the repetition that Randolph interpreted as a warning.

"Martin got his passes today for the Frisco trip," he said hastily, in a businesslike tone.

"Did he? Then they go direct?"

"Not quite. Lilla wants to see Salt Lake City, and Martin knows a fellow who has a ranch in Colorado. They're going there for a week or ten days. That's a trip!"

"Isn't it? But I think the coming back will be almost as good. Have you seen the house? In town, you know, on Boliver street. I went over it this week with Lilla. It's almost perfect. Not too large, and yet large enough. A dear little reception hall, a dining room in Flemish oak and tapestry, paper, drawing room in dull light green. But the library! I think I could improve on the library!" She clasped both hands about one knee and stopped swinging.

"What's it like?" asked Randolph, with interest.

"Very good papering," said Helen earnestly, "dark red and stained floor, with some very good rugs. But the bookcase!"

"Separate, I suppose?"

"Yes, and they ought to be low, along the walls, all around in one wood, instead of which he has one mahogany,

one cherry. You can imagine the disjointed effect. Then, instead of a big leather chair at the fireplace, there is a rocker." She broke off with a little sigh. "I can imagine how that library would look on a winter evening, with a wood fire and the light coming through those leaded window panes and the chair piled with cushions and the books one likes best to read."

"Lilla has red hair," said Randolph thoughtfully. "And she wears pink gowns. She'd jar on the color scheme."

"Oh, Donald, you are else," sighed Helen mirthfully. "You see what one thinks so well, and that's my idea of a friend," she concluded, with sudden fervor.

"A library like that would fit a woman with dark hair," said Randolph, his eyes on the dusky head beside him. "a woman who wore a pale yellow gown and had shadows in her eyes. She would be sitting there in the big chair with a book when a fellow came home in the evening, and she wouldn't talk to him if he was tired, and she'd let him smoke, and she'd play for him."

"Would they have a piano in the library?" objected Helen nervously.

"A violin," said Randolph. "She'd play Chopin for him, as you play it, and Schumann."

"Dear me," interrupted Helen lightly, "you're infected by the sentimental environments. Isn't it lucky we're chums, so that I understand your mood and don't repay it in kind?"

She walked to the railing, and stood looking out across the shadowy lawn.

"What chums we've been, haven't we?" There was a pathetic note in her voice. "We've never spoiled it by flirting. Do you remember what you used to say—'Make your friend your lover and you lose him? We'll never do that.' 'Keep your friend your friend—he is yours forever.' It's true, quite true, isn't it?"

Helen groped desperately for the easy, commonplace tone he had taught her best in losing it she lost him too.

"I think we've proved your theory, you and I—friendship is the only thing that lasts between a man and woman. Ours has lasted, will last!"

"Will not last," said Randolph miserably. "After this—he drew her to him and kissed her—"I suppose I've lost you for good and all now," he said desperately, "but I love you, I couldn't pretend any longer. I've got to care more than a chum or not at all."

Helen leaned impulsively against his shoulder in the peace that follows a great strain.

"I thought you wanted to be friends," she said, with a pathetic little laugh, "so I pretended too. And now we've spoiled your theory, for it seems that friendship doesn't last either."

"No, thank the Lord," said Randolph fervently, "not for us."

Too Late to Live.

Tim Wooden was literally "too late to live," as the anecdote of him told in an old "History of Milwaukee" no longer proves it may be that the doctors of today would pronounce him a victim of the insidious germ which works to uncontrollable languor, but the diagnosis of the good old times of Tim's career reads simply, "plumb laziness."

A party of Indians, knowing Tim's peculiarities, once captured him for fun and made him believe that they were going to burn him at the stake. They took him to some distance from the village, tied him to a tree and heaped wood about him. Just as the pile was ready to light the chief approached and whispered in Tim's ear that if he would never tell who had captured him he would release him and let him return to Milwaukee.

"What, walk twenty miles?" exclaimed Tim. "If you'll lend me a horse I'll agree to it."

One time when Tim was lumbering a loose log made a perilous descent down the side of the hill. The shouts of the other men warned him that the danger was coming his way, but rather than expend vital force in jumping he let the log strike him and break his leg.

Pulled the Court's Lex.

The following remarkable judgment was delivered some years ago by a magistrate in one of the English courts:

"Pachua is hereby charged with having on the 11th of January followed the court on its rising and while said court was in the act of mounting into its buggy came from behind and, pulling the court's trailing leg, the other foot being on the step, forcibly pulled back the court, frightened the horse and nearly caused an accident. The reason alleged for this by accused is that he wanted to hear the result of an application of his. The practice by the titillations of pulling the court's trailing legs is one that should be discouraged. Accused only says he is a poor man admitting the truth of the complaint. He is sentenced to one month's rigorous imprisonment."

Strange to relate, the lieutenant governor of the province, on reading the sentence felt it necessary to intimate to the magistrate that neither the sentence itself nor the peculiar phraseology in which it was couched was calculated to meet with approval from the running in legal grooves.

Infant lions and bears are now generally spoken of as "cubs," but in former times the word "whelp" would have been used. Every edition of the English Bible from Wyclif's time to 1811 gives "whelp" for the young of the lion or bear. A "cub" meant originally in English only a young fox. But by Shakespeare's time it was possible to talk of the "young suckling cub" of a she bear, and Waller even applied "cub" to a young whale, now known as a "calf." The origin of "cub" is not really known, though the conjecture connecting it with the old Irish "cuib," a dog, would make it akin to the Latin "canis" and English "hound."

FACTS IN NATURE.

Not Only Do We Get Inspiration From Nature, But Health as Well.

For people who are run-down and nervous, who suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia, headache, biliousness, or torpid liver, coated tongue with bitter taste in the morning and poor appetite, it becomes necessary to turn to some tonic or strengthener which will assist Nature and help them to get on their feet and put the body into its proper condition. It becomes more and more apparent that Nature's most valuable health-giving agents are to be found in forest plants and roots.

Nearly forty years ago, Dr. R. V. Pierce, now consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., discovered that by scientifically extracting and combining certain medicinal principles from native roots, taken from our American forests, he could produce a medicine which was marvelously efficient in curing cases of blood disorder and liver and stomach trouble as well as many other chronic or lingering ailments. This concentrated extract of Nature's vitality he named "Golden Medical Discovery." It purifies the blood by putting the stomach and liver into healthy condition, thereby helping the digestion and assimilation of food which feeds the blood. Thereby it cures weak stomach, indigestion, torpid liver, or biliousness, and kindred derangements.

If you have coated tongue, with bitter or bad taste in the morning, frequent headaches, feel weak, easily tired, stitches or pain in side, back gives out easily and aches, belching of gas, constipation, or irregular bowels, feel flashes of heat alternating with chilly sensations or kindred symptoms, they point to derangement of your stomach, liver and kidneys, which the "Golden Medical Discovery" will correct more speedily and permanently than any other known agent. Contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed in plain English on wrapper.

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APRIL 6, 1894.

ESTATE OF MARTIN MONAMARA,

deceased. Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL, Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

DRANK TO SAVE A CITY.

A Legend of the Quaint Old Town of Rothenburg.

Much is made of the legends and history of the quaint medieval town of Rothenburg, as is natural where they lay so much stress on their past glories, says the Metropolitan Magazine. The shop windows are full of big glass cups with painted figures of the emperor, the seven electors and other worthies (souvenirs for the unwary tourist), and in some of the decorations of inns and wine rooms a man is pictured drinking out of such a cup, accompanied by verses alluding to a Georg Nusch and to a Meister-Tank.

We wondered about it till we found a local guide book with the explanation. It seems this Nusch by his famous drink saved the town several centuries ago. He was a senator and a son of the innkeeper of the Rother Hahn (Red Cock), which is still standing a little way down the street here. Many of the inns are hundreds of years old and are run under the same names they have always borne. Well, during the wars of the reformation this was a Protestant town and was besieged and taken by Tilly after a spirited resistance. He entered the place followed by his train and proceeded to the Rathaus, where the burgo-master and the senators were assembled, and in the barbarous style of those days ordered that they all be beheaded.

Then there was such wailing and entreaties from the wives and children and townspeople that he finally said he would be content with the death of four, but the rest would not listen to this and said all of them or none, or something to that effect, and the burgo-master was sent off to get the executioner. At length, when everything was in a great uproar, Tilly called for drinks, and a trembling, barnard brought him a great stirrup cup of Tauber wine. He drank from it and passed it on to some of his men, and still it wasn't emptied when suddenly struck by its size and being in a better humor from the wine he said in jest:

"If any man of you can empty this full cup at one draft I will show mercy and spare the town."

At this all the people stood and stared, not one daring to undertake it (the cup held three quarts) until Nusch, thinking that would at least be the pleasanter death and probably used to drinking a great deal, said he would try it. Everybody was breathless with suspense, fearing he would give out before emptying the cup, but on and on he went till the last drop was drained. He had only strength enough left to hand the cup to Tilly and say, "Thy promise," when he fell fainting to the ground. He recovered in a few days, however, and lived to be eighty. And Tilly kept his word.

The First Submarine Boats.

In 1644 Van Drebbel, a Dutchman, built in London a submarine boat which could contain twelve rowers as well as some passengers, and on one occasion James I. descended beneath the Thames in the vessel. The inventor is said to have discovered a liquid possessing the important property of rendering the air in the confined space under hatchways suitable for repeated inhalation and thus to prolong the time which could be spent under water. The first submarine boat used in warfare, 1777, was built by David Bushnell in Connecticut. It was managed by one man, who could remain thirty minutes under water. Fulton, a New Yorker, made one to hold eight men, who could be supplied with air for eight hours under water.

Fans as Dustpans.

In Japan the uses of the fan are many and various. They are wielded by men, women and children, by soldier and civilian. A butterfly shaped fan in the hands of the umpire at a wrestling match is made to convey all sorts of messages, which are promptly understood and attended to by the combatants. Grain is winnowed by the farmer with a stout fan, and the domestic servant not only fans the embers of a charcoal fire, but she also uses her coarse paper fan as a dustpan for taking up the ashes.

A Ship's Speed.

A ship's speed is reckoned by knots, a knot being a geographical mile, or one-sixtieth of a degree. Six geographical miles are about equal to seven statute miles, and a ship that sails 12 knots therefore is really moving at the rate of fourteen statute miles an hour. It should be remembered that it is incorrect to say so many "knots an hour," simply so many knots, for a knot means "one mile an hour."

"Straining" Him.

A spartan young fellow called out to a farmer who was sowing seed in his field: "Well done, old fellow. You sow. I reap the fruits."

"Maybe you will," said the farmer, "for I'm sowing hemp."—Harper's Weekly.

Halls and Wires.

"In early times the leading statesmen were those who split rails."

"But we have none save wire fences today."

"And the leaders are consequently those who pull wires."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Epitaph.

In memory of our father: Gone to join his appendix, his tonsils, his olfactory nerve, his kidney, his eardrum and a leg prematurely removed by a hospital surgeon who craved the experience.—Newsboy's Magazine.

If you resolve to do right you will soon do wisely, but resolve only to do wisely and you will never do right.—Ruskin

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May 3, 1906.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM A. FRANCIS,

deceased. Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL,

Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned administrator of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

GEORGE ANNA FRANCIS,

W. H. FRANCIS, Executor.

May 14, 1906.

ESTATE OF MARY O. J. DELANEY,

deceased. Pursuant to the order of GEORGE E. RUSSELL,

Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day made, on the application of the undersigned executor of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

WILLIAM F. CONWAY,

EDWARD KENNY, Executor.

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